

Dormant

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Dormant

by [Thanatopsiturvy](#)

Summary

Neloth had continued to study the effects of the "Bend Will" Shout long after the events of Miraak and his control over the island of Solstheim had passed. Finally, his newest staff is complete and ready to be tested, and his apprentice, Talvas, is the perfect test subject. The results, however, may be more demanding than the Telvanni wizard could have ever anticipated.

Notes

This started as a ridiculous prompt that was supposed to be utter crack that, of course, I managed to somehow take seriously.

How is *anyone* supposed to make Neloth fuck???
Well... somehow it happened.

CW: The very nature of the "sex pollen" trope makes everything inherently dub-con-ny, so read at your own risk!

Thanks to [raunchyandpaunchy](#) for the quick, brilliant betaing!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Talvas!”

The damn boy was never around when he needed him. He was most likely off mucking about with ash spawn again. If he’d managed to get himself mangled there wouldn’t enough canis root tea on Nirn to assuage Neloith’s annoyance.

“Talvas!” He called again, slightly louder. He was still bent over his staff enchanter, smoothing out the last strands of magicka, delicately weaving them into the luminescent blue focusing crystal at its tip. To the careless, untrained eye, the staff looked to be the same as the countless Illusion staves he’d crafted over the years. He was still mildly dubious as to which school of magicka ‘Bend Will’ might fall under, though he felt fairly confident in his theory. He just needed to *test* it.

He set the staff down, groaning and rubbing at his temples. Where was that damnable boy?

“TALVAS!”

“Yes, Master Neloith?” Talvas jogged into the room, breathing heavily, sweat beading along his hairline. Neloith curled his lip in distaste.

“About time. I nearly yelled myself hoarse calling for you.”

“I’m very sorry, Master Neloith...” Talvas panted, resting his hands on his knees. “How may I be of assistance?”

“Come,” Neloith grabbed the staff, striding past him and into the main chamber. “I believe I’ve finally completed the enchantments that will mimic the Dragonborn’s ‘Bend Will’ shout... At long last.” He gazed down at the staff in his hand, his grip tightening around it in excitement. “Imagine what I’d be able to do with such a power. The progress this world might see!”

“You plan to test it on me!?” Talvas squawked, tripping over one of the protruding fungal roots.

“Of course I do!” Neloith scoffed. “You’re the perfect subject. Your mind is weak, but it is still stronger than the average citizen, thanks to my tutelage. But do not worry; if something goes wrong I’ll make sure the effects are carefully documented.” He turned on his heel to face Talvas.

“Alright, right over there, if you will.” Neloith gestured with the staff across the room. Talvas shuffled nervously into place, tucking a stray strand of dark hair behind his ear.

“A little to the left. Perfect. Now...” Neloith held the staff at eye height, the crystal pointed towards Talvas. “Do try to hold still.” He released a flood of magicka, feeling it curl from his core and surge down his arm, into the staff. The crystal supercharged, glowing blindingly white, before the

energy shot forth and hit Talvas square in the chest.

Neloth felt a pop - a disruption in the flow, something shifting, waves sliding slightly out of place, strands getting crossed. Talvas stumbled backwards, landing hard on his backside with a pained cry. Neloth straightened up, inspecting the focusing crystal.

“Hmm... interesting. Something went wrong. But I wonder what?” He looked up to see Talvas rubbing his tailbone with a pout on his lips. “How do you feel?”

“My ass hurts,” Talvas grunted.

“Yes, I’m sure. But how do you *feel*,” Neloth pressed impatiently. Talvas looked up at him in annoyance, still pouting. His expression dropped into one of shock, possibly confusion, as a bright indigo flush crept its way up his neck.

“What is it?” Neloth asked. “Be as clear and concise as you can.”

“I... I.... I...” Talvas was scooting himself away from Neloth as best he could, fumbling over the uneven floor of the Tower. “M-Master Neloth, please, don’t...”

“Come now, out with it.” Neloth continued to approach, setting his staff down on one of the cluttered tables and grabbing a journal. “No need to hold back.”

He’d just placed quill to paper when he noticed the prominent bulge that had appeared between Talvas’s legs. *Oh*, Neloth thought distantly. *Fascinating*.

“Well, that certainly wasn’t my intention,” he chuckled, scribbling down the unfortunate side-effect. “Don’t be embarrassed, though. The body is a fickle and unpredictable thing. Now come here.” He pointed at the spot of the floor in front of him. As quick as a wink, Talvas was scrambling across the room, situating himself at Neloth’s feet and looking up at him expectantly. Neloth raised an eyebrow, jotting down more notes.

“Well it appears that the obedience aspect is working. That’s good. I’m going to need you to speak up and tell me what you feel, though.”

“What I feel?” Talvas asked, sounding distant, almost dreamy.

“Yes. Body temperature, nausea, light-headedness... the like.”

Talvas ran his hands up his own chest, his eyes fluttering closed, lips parting slightly. “I feel *hot*. Burning hot. As if there’s lava pulsing just beneath my skin... as if my blood *is* lava.” Neloth just nodded, scribbling the descriptors down in his journal.

“Well, that might explain the erection.”

“I want to touch you,” Talvas confessed quite suddenly. Neloth’s snapped his gaze to him and the boy quickly recoiled. “I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have said that.”

“You want to touch me,” Neloth repeated, tapping the quill against his chin. “How so? In what way do you want to touch me?”

Talvas bit his lower lip, letting out a long groan as he inched slightly closer to Neloith's boots, twisting his robes into his fists anxiously.

"I want to feel your skin against mine." He gasped, fisting the fabric of his robe even harder as if to hold his hands in place. "I feel like... I feel like if I don't *feel* you I'm going to burn up inside. Like my skin will crack and split and all the lava will come pouring out and I'll be nothing more than ash." He looked up at Neloith with wide, pleading eyes. "Please, may I touch you?"

Neloith furrowed his brow, weighing the situation carefully. On one hand, no, he'd really prefer if Talvas did *not* touch him, especially whilst sporting such an... *enthusiastic* arousal. But, on the other more likely hand, if he allowed Talvas to continue he'd be able to more closely study the effects of the backfired spell.

"Very well," Neloith sighed after a long moment, holding out one of his hands limply for Talvas to... touch. The boy practically leapt at him, immediately taking Neloith's extended hand between his own, rubbing his thumbs reverently across his knuckles, tracing his veins.

"Gods..." Talvas moaned. "I want to taste you."

"That was not part of the agreement," Neloith clipped, jerking his hand away and quickly jotting down a few more notes. Talvas let out a sound as if he'd been stabbed.

"Please!" the boy gasped, pawing at Neloith's robes. "Please, I need more. Gods, please, Master Neloith... I'm so... I'm *burning up*. Please!"

"Talvas, stop this foolishness at once!" Neloith nearly cast Calm out of habit before stopping himself - he didn't want to interrupt the raw effects of the spell. Talvas let out a whimper, sitting back on his heels and staring intently at Neloith's boots, hands clutched firmly in his lap.

Neloith sighed a heaving, weary sigh. Clearly, one of the tethers had been inverted during the enchanting process leaving the binding affect unstable - but the question of which one still remained to be seen. It appeared as though he'd, unfortunately, have to let this little situation play itself out.

"Alright Talvas," he said after a long moment. "You can touch me however you like. But!" He took a step back just as Talvas was lunging forward. "If I tell you to stop, you will stop at once, understood?"

"Yes, absolutely. Anything. I'll do anything you tell me to, just... *please*..." Talvas's fingers were flexing impatiently in front of him, fists curling and uncurling. Neloith took a deep breath, reminding himself that this would all be useful in the end.

"Go on, then. Let's get it over with."

Talvas leaned forward, slower this time, seemingly showing a great deal of restraint. He ran his hands across Neloith's hips and down the tops of his thighs as if utterly enraptured. Wetting his lips he looked up again, maintaining eye contact as he slid his hands back up, this time beneath his robe, the pads of his fingers brushing along the sensitive skin of Neloith's inner thigh. An involuntary shudder managed to run its way up the center of Neloith's back and he tightened his jaw, turning his attention to the book in his hands, jotting down *odd tactile fixation* before he let out a startled yelp.

“Talvas!” he scolded. The back of the boy’s knuckles had brushed against his smallclothes and Neloth was most certainly not about to take advantage of the situation like *that* .

“Please,” Talvas begged, scooting forward on his knees even more, his arms buried beneath Neloth’s robes. “Please, let me just...”

“That would be incredibly irresponsible,” Neloth protested, suddenly feeling far too warm beneath his thick Telvanni robes.

“Please, Master Neloth!” Talvas continued, growing frantic. “I need to. *I need...*” Neloth felt the boy’s fingers curl around the waist of his smalls, beginning to tug them down. Neloth swallowed thickly - this was getting out of hand. Talvas was sweating profusely and Neloth was beginning to worry that the boy might actually be burning up from the inside out.

“V-very well...” Neloth conceded, not sounding entirely convinced even to his own ears. He shuddered and bit his tongue as Talvas frantically pulled his smalls around his knees, diving beneath Neloth’s robes and burying his face into the crease of his groin.

“By the Three... give me strength,” Neloth groaned, the journal and quill sliding from his hands as he grabbed frantically at Talvas’s shoulders. “Talvas... easy, now.” Talvas just moaned loudly and Neloth felt the boy’s hot tongue swirling against his skin as he mouthed his way along his hip. Neloth fumbled with the belt holding his robes together, his hands shaking for some reason, before finally undoing the metal clasp. His robes fell open to reveal Talvas’s flushed face, hair mussed and clinging to his damp forehead, gazing up at Neloth with lust-drunk eyes as his tongue darted out to flick hotly against the side of his dick.

“*Oh ...*” Neloth’s breath stuttered, his hands curling awkwardly against his chest. He wasn’t sure was to do. He was starting to become erect, which was distressing. However, despite the inappropriateness of the situation, he couldn’t bring himself to put an end to it. Tentatively he reached a hand down and placed it atop Talvas’s head. *To check his temperature*, Neloth reasoned. He brushed some of the sweat-damp strands of hair away from Talvas’s eyes and the boy moaned against Neloth’s skin, his hands gripping his thighs almost painfully tight.

When Talvas slid his mouth around the tip of his cock, Neloth’s knees buckled on their own accord and he let out a hoarse shout. His other hand joined the first, tangling his fingers in Talvas’s hair as if he might fall away otherwise.

“Talvas you don’t...” Neloth squeezed his eyes shut, trying to focus on the task at hand. *Note the effects, observe the situation, control yourself*. “You don’t have to do this.”

Talvas groaned around him, sliding his lips down to the middle of his shaft before pulling off with a slurp. “Want to...” he murmured, bringing a hand up to grasp Neloth’s cock at the base. “Need to...” He swallowed him down, his nose bumping against the soft skin of Neloth’s stomach and the sparse patch of gray hair at his groin. Neloth swore loudly in Dunmeris, grinding his teeth against the sensation as his hips involuntarily canted forward, somehow trying to bury himself deeper into Talvas’s impossibly hot mouth.

Gods, how long had it been? Years? Decades? Neloth’s thoughts were utterly fogged. He was

beginning to note his own sensory experiences - sweat gathering at the nape of his neck, beneath his arms, across his brow, a low, heavy burn in the pit of his stomach, prickling sensations in the bottoms of his feet - which was *not the point of the experiment* . Some vaguely conscious part of himself was screaming at him to stop this at once, that this is why he doesn't engage in sexual acts, that base desires dull the mind. And oh, Divines, Talvas's mouth was hot and tight. How was his mouth so tight? Was that also a side-effect of the spell?

Neloth slowly became aware of the fact that he was making noises - small, breathy sounds - and a deep shame curled hotly inside him. He bit the inside of his cheek, squeezing his eyes shut. Talvas's other hand had begun to slowly explore, ghosting across Neloth's thighs, dipping down to cup his balls, gently rolling them between his fingers. *That* was certainly an interesting sensation. Not entirely unpleasant. Neloth managed to open his eyes just as Talvas was pulling back, and something about seeing his own length leaving his apprentice's mouth finally rocketed him out of whatever stupor he'd been thrown into.

"This is... this needs to stop. Immediately," Neloth panted, taking a stumbling step backwards. Talvas let out a startled, panicked sound, reaching forward and grabbing onto the edges of Neloth's robes, nearly falling face-first against him.

"NO! No, please, don't... I *need* this!"

"I'm reversing the spell at once," Neloth insisted, attempting to pry Talvas's hands from his robe. With a renewed sort of vigor Talvas managed to spring to his feet, clawing his way up the front of Neloth's robes to aggressively slam their mouths together. Neloth let out a pained sound, tasting blood as he grabbed Talvas firmly by the shoulders. He'd always hated kissing - such a disgusting, pointless display of affection. He hated the feeling of another person's saliva, the way teeth sometimes clicked together, the desperate press of a tongue like some sort of pathetic mollusk trying to worm its way into his mouth. But he'd never been kissed with such raw desperation before. Talvas clung to him as though he might disappear at any moment - as if Neloth were the most important thing in the entire world. As if *he alone* were the only thing that could possibly give Talvas the pleasure he desired.

Hesitantly, Neloth released his iron grip on Talvas's shoulders and let his hands wander up into the boy's hair again, scratching his fingers along the surface of his scalp. Talvas moaned into Neloth's mouth, loud and desperate, and the sound was utterly *intoxicating* . He tried to kiss back as best he could, tugging lightly on Talvas's hair, bending his head back, giving the boy what he wanted - perhaps it was the most efficient way to end the spell's effects. Talvas rolled against him and Neloth tried not to jerk away from the sensation of rough fabric against his sensitive length. He gasped involuntarily as Talvas pulled away suddenly, dropping back down to his knees and resuming his prior ministration.

"That's..." Neloth felt what little resolve he still had left begin to slip. "That's... good," he confessed as though it were truly shameful. Talvas nearly sobbed as he guided Neloth's dick back into his mouth, doubling down on his efforts. Briefly, Neloth glanced at his fallen journal and quill and wondered how something that should have been simple had gone so horribly wrong, before threading his fingers back into Talvas's tangled mess of hair and closing his eyes.

He'd forgotten what an orgasm felt like. It was probably for the best, he realized, as the sensation

ripped through his body like a firestorm. He may have shouted, at least he hoped he had, as opposed to the pathetic, sniveling sound he felt he'd made. Talvas jerked back with a muted whimper, Neloth's seed dripping from his chin as one final spurt managed to land on his cheek. His young apprentice screwed his eyes closed and Neloth finally noticed that Talvas's other hand was working furiously between his own legs, fisting his length with a speed that was, quite frankly, startling. He came with a series of soft grunts, spending himself across the floor, one hand still braced against Neloth's hip.

As Neloth worked to regain his breath, he saw the slow, creeping realization of what they'd done slide across Talvas's face. He looked up at Neloth with a startled, horrified expression, quickly attempting to tuck himself back into his pants.

"I'm... Master Neloth, I'm..." His lips formed silent, twitching vowels, but he said nothing.

"How," Neloth began, utterly exhausted. "How are you feeling?" He pulled up his smalls, resituated his robes, and retrieved his dropped belt.

Talvas blinked up at him. "What?" He quickly wiped his mouth on the back of his sleeve.

"How are you feeling?" Neloth repeated. "The effects of the spell. Are they...?" He gestured between them. "Was that really what it demanded?"

Talvas pushed his hair out of his face, scrubbing a hand across his stubbled jaw before getting unsteadily to his feet. Neloth took several steps backwards, just to be safe.

"I... suppose so," Talvas admitted, his face flushed dark indigo. A bit of Neloth's spend still lingered on his left cheek, though he wasn't about to point it out. Instead, Neloth gave Talvas a wide berth as he stooped to retrieve his journal and quill.

"The staff was supposed to make you compliant, not ravenously sexual." Neloth flipped to the page he'd been on, dabbing his sleeve against his damp forehead before putting quill to paper. "So, please, explain to me what happened."

Talvas shifted nervously, wiping at his mouth again. "I, um..." He shrugged, staring at the floor. "I suppose you just suddenly seemed like the most important thing on all of Mundus. And I, uh..." He hazarded a glance in Neloth's direction before immediately averting his eyes again. "I just wanted to... *please* you. It was almost as if I thought I might die if I didn't."

"Hmm. Well I certainly can't have a staff that causes people to leap at my groin, mouth open. That would be..." He paused, glancing at the staff thoughtfully. "Honestly, it would probably make me quite a bit of money. But, no, no." He physically waved the thought away and jotted down a few more notes before striding back over to the table to pick the staff up, inspecting the crystal.

"Though I believe you've answered my question - time to fix this damnable thing."

"So you're not mad at me?" Talvas asked, blinking in surprise.

"Why would I be mad at you for something entirely out of your control?"

Talvas just blinked at him again, his mouth hanging open slightly in shock. “You... you’re serious? You’re not blaming me for this. You’re not even going to punish me?”

Neloth was beginning to feel annoyed. “I already said I’m not, plus I believe you’ve been punished quite enough. Now, you can either continue to stand there slack-jawed or you can return to whatever you were doing before I called you up here. Either are fine by me. But, personally, I’d really love some tea. *Varona!*” Neloth called out loudly, making Talvas recoil.

“Varona’s dead, Master Neloth,” he reminded him.

“Ah, that’s right,” Neloth sighed. “Dreadfully inconvenient. Well, you’ll just have to fetch me some tea, then. Canis root.”

“Of course, Master Neloth.”

A bit of the hot tea sloshed across Talvas’s wrists as the swirling magical currents lifted him upwards to the top of the tower. He landed gently on the platform and shifted the tea to his other hand, wiping his wrist off with a hiss of pain. As he looked up, he noticed Neloth sitting in one of the chairs, his arms crossed and head slumped forward, eyes closed. A rippling wave of fear caused Talvas to jog over in a panic, splashing a bit more of the hot tea across his hands.

“Master Nel...oth?” he paused, slowing to a halt as Neloth let out a soft sound. He was... *snoring*.

In the few years that Talvas has been Neloth’s apprentice, never once had he actually seen the Telvanni wizard sleep - at least not with his eyes closed. He laughed a little bit, setting the tea down on the table and backing away slowly. As horrifyingly embarrassing as the experience had been, the results meant a few hours of peace. Maybe Talvas should have just outright sucked Neloth off from the start. Gods knew he’d wanted to... But that was his own shameful secret to keep. He partly wondered if the staff *had* caused his actions, or if the spell had simply dredged up those latent feelings and amplified them. Either way, post-climax Neloth was a kinder version of himself and Talvas thanked Azura for that.

He retrieved a small blanket from his bedroll and draped it over Neloth’s shoulders. The old mer made a sniffing noise, but otherwise didn’t wake. Talvas just chuckled to himself as he left Neloth to rest, enjoying the peace and quiet that came with it.



Chapter End Notes

[4/17/20] Now featuring [fanart!!!](#) NSFW warning - click at your own risk. Thanks so much, Robo. ;A;

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

A simple mission into Dwarven ruins takes an unexpected turn.

Chapter Notes

Welcome back to **Neloth Fucks**, now featuring **Neloth Fucks 2: Electric Boogaloo**.
(Thank you [raunchyandpaunchy](#) for the excellent title).

I got such a positive, fun response to the first chapter of this story that I wanted to write a little bit more of these two. And, of course, I had to employ one of my favorite tropes of all time.

What trope might that be, you ask? Well, well, dear reader, you must read to find out.

Thanks so much to [Syllis](#) for giving this a quick, thorough beta!

CW: Sex, of course.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Talvas!”

Neloth kicked the remains of a Dwemer sphere out of his way. *Another one for the scrap heap of history*, he thought. It rattled loudly, falling into even more pieces. Neloth paused, listening for any signs of his apprentice. He was just behind him moments ago.

“Talvas!” Neloth shouted again, spinning to look behind him. If the boy had wound up dead, this whole expedition would be incredibly inconvenient - Neloth would be forced to carry everything back by himself. Fortunately, Neloth was one of the few remaining masters of levitation still left in Tamriel.

“TALVAS!”

Talvas jogged around the corner then, shoving a quart of dwarven oil into his overstuffed satchel. There was a deep gash across his cheek, blood slowly dripping along his jawline. Neloth sighed, crossing his arms.

“It’s about time.”

“Sorry Master Neloth. What did you need?” Talvas panted, slinging his pack onto one shoulder.

“Check and see if the soul gem in this thing is salvageable.” Neloth nudged the sphere with the tip

of his boot, then paused. “You’re bleeding.”

Talvas blinked at him for a moment before lifting a hand to his cheek, smearing the blood a bit. “Oh...”

“Come here,” Neloth beckoned. He forcefully grabbed Talvas by the jaw and cast a quick-healing spell. The boy went rigid beneath his touch and Neloth pulled back quickly, wiping the small amount of blood on his fingertips onto Talvas’s sleeve.

“I’m sure you don’t realize how incredibly dreadful it is to try to find a decent apprentice these days, so try not to get yourself killed.”

“Thank you.” Talvas smiled ever so slightly, dried blood still clinging to his jaw. Neloth waved him off, continuing forward.

“I simply need you in peak physical condition. I require at least five more quarts of oil and ten more cogs to complete my experiment. As you know, Dwarven cogs are quite heavy.”

They continued on for a while without further conversation, the echo of pistons and the hiss of steam filling the silence between them. By some miracle of the Divines, they managed to collect the necessary amount of cogs but the oil was being elusive. Five more spiders, two more spheres, and several electrical burns later, they finally found another vial.

“At last,” Neloth sighed. He dropped his charges and straightened up, pressing the heel of his hands into his low back and procuring several satisfying cracks. “We can go home and I can return to my work.”

Talvas dutifully stooped to pick up the small vial from within the collapsed sphere’s chest plate. No sooner had his fingers brushed the edge of the container, the vial exploded with a resounding *bang*, splattering both of them with a dark, thick ooze. Neloth blinked and sputtered, wiping the oil off his face.

“The blasted...” He spat, making a disgusted noise. “The blasted thing must have been under pressure.”

“Oh gods, this is disgusting,” Talvas whined. He seemed to have taken the majority of the spray, the viscous oil dripping down his face and neck, splattering the front of his robes. Neloth looked down at his own vestments.

“I do hope this comes out,” he muttered irritably, tugging loose his scarf and using it to clean his face and hands. “Well, we still have one more quart of oil to find, then. Best we get on with it.” He watched Talvas get to his feet, still struggling to wipe the oil from his eyes, and Neloth sighed loudly, handing the boy his scarf.

“Thanks,” Talvas muttered sourly, devoid of his usual politeness. Neloth just harrumphed, striding forward.

They searched for twenty more minutes, making as much noise as they could to try to attract another dwarven automaton, all to no avail. Neloth rubbed at his temples in exasperation, feeling

frustrated and sticky. Suddenly, he heard Talvas shout from down the hall. Perking up, Neloth strode quickly in the direction of the sound, his boots clacking loudly against the metal grate of the floor.

“What is it? Did you find...” He was interrupted by a thick rush of steam to the face, stumbling backwards. “What in Aurbis?”

“It’s a Dwarven bath! Still functioning!” Talvas exclaimed. “This is amazing. I didn’t think any others existed outside of Markarth.”

And so it was. Two massive stone basins were carved out of the opposite wall, large brass pipes jutting out over top of them. The snaking maze of pipes that lined the room radiated intense amounts of heat, and steam rolled lazily upwards from beneath the grated floor. The whole room had a pungent, floral smell to it, cloying enough to make Neloth want to gag.

“What are you...?” Neloth trailed off. Talvas had already dropped his pack, beginning to shed his robes.

“I’m covered in oil. Plus this is the opportunity of a lifetime!” He stripped down to just his smallclothes and Neloth watched with a detached sort of helplessness as his half-naked apprentice walked over to one of the many stone shelves that lined the room, carefully inspecting their contents. Talvas was lean and wiry, if not a little bony. He was all arms and legs and angles, with broad shoulders and corded muscles in his back. His features were severe, even for a Dunmer - high cheekbones and a pronounced brow. Neloth had never really taken the time to study him in this respect before.

Neloth’s mind wandered back to their little mishap with the Bend Will staff from several weeks prior. Neloth hadn’t really... *addressed* it. Not fully. He’d done his best to push the memory of the experience as far down as he could, throwing himself fully into his work. The damnable staff sat untouched in the corner of his enchanting room, mocking him, a constant reminder of Neloth’s supreme failure. But was it a failure? Talvas had been in a much better mood the following few days, which was both annoying and fascinating. Neloth wasn’t sure if the experiment was worth repeating.

“Are you going to get in?” Talvas’s voice jarred Neloth from his thoughts. He realized that he’d been staring at the boy the entire time.

“What? No! Of course not,” Neloth sputtered. “What an incredible waste of time...” His protests faded as he watched Talvas throw his weight against the massive valve, starting the flow of hot water into one of the tubs. More steam began to fill the room and Neloth’s clothes suddenly felt too heavy. He *was* incredibly sticky from the oil. Not to mention the fact that he couldn’t even *remember* the last time he’d had a hot bath. He knew Geldis had a bathing room in the Retching Netch, but he’d sooner damn himself to Oblivion than be seen in that dump of a tavern.

Talvas began to slide his smalls down over his thighs and Neloth spun rapidly on his heels to face away.

“This is incredibly imprudent,” Neloth declared as heat flooded his face. *Merely from the steam* .

“Listen, we made as much noise as we could and nothing even came close to attacking us. Just close the door and take a moment to clean up. It won’t take long.” Talvas let out a long sigh, and Neloth turned back around to see him lowering himself down into the water. “Oh gods, this is utterly divine.”

“What’s come over you?” Neloth demanded, his face still uncomfortably hot.

“Oil, mostly,” Talvas replied, smirking.

“Ha-ha, hilarious.” Neloth’s eye twitched. “I didn’t know dwarven oil produced the side-effect of poorly executed sarcasm.”

“Master Neloth,” Talvas sighed, sounding frustrated for once. “Just close the door and get in the bath.”

Neloth bristled. He wasn’t going to be ordered around by his lowly apprentice who’d barely passed his one-hundredth birthday. He opened his mouth to tell him as much when suddenly Talvas tipped backwards, dunking his head beneath the water. He re-emerged after a moment with a breathy gasp that made the heat in Neloth’s face spread down to his neck. He was reminded of the sight of Talvas on his knees, hands trailing beneath Neloth’s robes, grazing over the skin of his inner thigh... Neloth cleared his throat, striding angrily over to the large brass doors and pushing them shut. He cast a shock rune on the door for good measure before turning around and beginning to unbuckle his waist belt.

“Cover your eyes, at least,” he demanded, and Talvas quirked a brow.

“Are you serious?”

“Quite! Now cover your eyes!”

To his chagrin, Talvas laughed, but covered his eyes regardless, and Neloth quickly and efficiently shed the remainder of his clothes, placing them in a pile on one of the stone benches. He hissed as his foot first made contact, but groaned with satisfaction as he lowered himself into the pleasantly hot water.

Talvas grinned, still covering his eyes with both his hands. “See? I told you—”

“Do be quiet,” Neloth snapped.

Talvas dropped his hands into the water with a small splash, still smiling. His cheeks were flushed indigo by the heat, black hair clinging to the sides of his neck. Neloth sank down even further until his chin touched the top of the water, expression pinched. This was... nice. Neloth would never admit it out loud, but this was *incredibly* nice. He sighed and let his eyes flutter closed for a moment, leaning his head back to rest against the rim of the tub. He heard Talvas stand and the squeak of the pipes being shut off. The resounding silence that followed was unbelievably

soothing, and Neloith felt overcome with a sense of relaxation that he hadn't felt since...

His eyes snapped open as he felt his cock begin to thicken beneath the water. *Oh, absolutely not.* He sat up abruptly, startling Talvas from his own relaxation. "Is there anything with which I could wash off this blasted oil?" He internally winced at how his voice echoed loudly off the vaulted ceiling. Talvas glided through the water to the edge of the tub, and Neloith's gaze landed on the dimples in his low back as the boy leaned over the edge. He quickly looked away, brow furrowed, gnawing anxiously on the inside of his cheeks.

"I don't know how old it is, but I don't think soaps like this go bad, really." Talvas held out his hand and presented a slightly off-colored bar of soap, cracked and crumbling, but certainly not ancient.

"Hmm, fascinating," Neloith took the bar from him, lifting it up to inspect it a bit closer. "This is modern, most certainly. It appears we aren't the first to visit this little bath. I'm glad I thought to ward the door."

"You think somebody might use this regularly?" Talvas squawked, looking around.

"Well, it's a bit obvious, now that I think about it. Look at how well-maintained everything is." Neloith gestured around them. "Though what a hassle, having to get past all the damn automatons to get down here. Must be awfully desperate for a bath." He chuckled to himself, dipping the soap beneath the water and beginning to lather it between his palms. He handed the bar back to Talvas, their fingers brushing slightly and Neloith jumped at the contact, pushing himself away from the boy and beginning to scrub angrily at his face and neck. Talvas was looking at him with a peculiar expression, something hard to parse, so Neloith chose to dunk his face into the water instead.

He was certainly already feeling better - cleanliness is next to godliness, or so somebody had once told him. He was inclined to disagree, but he certainly felt ten times lighter. He wiped the water from his eyes in time to see Talvas massaging the soap through his hair, eyes closed and lips curled into a soft smile. The mer wasn't necessarily handsome, not that looks mattered to Neloith. Not that *any* of this mattered to Neloith. He brought his arms out of the water, looking them over only to see several grease spots he'd missed.

"I believe I need more soap," he sighed. Talvas opened an eye to look at him, falling backwards and plunging beneath the water again. The bath was becoming murky and Neloith wanted out of it.

Talvas re-emerged with another breathy gasp. "Here," He handed Neloith the bar. "I'm gonna get the water going in the second one."

"Second one?" Neloith repeated.

"Yes, the second bath is for once you've washed all the muck off," Talvas explained. "So you're not sitting in dirty water."

"Oh," Neloith replied dumbly. "How... do you know these things?"

"I love reading about old Dwemer customs." Talvas stood and Neloith immediately averted his eyes. "They were far more concerned with cleanliness than any of our modern societies. Well, with Redguards possibly being the exception to that."

"I didn't know you were so fascinated by cultural cleaning habits," Neloth muttered, still looking away, face hot again. Talvas laughed in response and Neloth heard the squeaking of the other valve being turned. He tried to scrub at his back with the soap but was having trouble reaching, his flexibility not exactly what it used to be.

"Here," came Talvas's voice from behind him, the water rippling as the boy climbed back into the tub. "Let me help."

"Not necessary," Neloth protested, attempting to move away.

"It's fine," Talvas insisted. "Plus you keep missing a spot."

Neloth felt a warm hand on his shoulder, too warm, and Talvas reached around to pluck the soap from his grip. Neloth felt frozen, staring blankly at the opposite wall as Talvas ran the slowly shrinking bar of soap across the top of his shoulders. This... was far too intimate. Neloth felt trapped, a slow panic rising like bile in the pit of his stomach.

"There," Talvas said softly, finally moving away. "You can probably move to the other tub now."

Neloth swallowed, still staring at the wall. "Cover your eyes." He heard Talvas sigh.

"Alright, they're covered."

Neloth rose quickly and grimaced at the dirty water sloshing around his knees, stepping quickly and carefully out of one tub and into the next, hissing all over again at the freshly heated water. Gods, he'd be reduced to a shriveled prune at this rate.

"Can I uncover my eyes now?" Talvas asked with a hint of frustrating amusement in his voice.

"Yes, yes," Neloth grumbled, realizing too little too late that he should have been covering his own eyes. Talvas stood, quite suddenly, rivulets of water trailing down his chest and abdomen, trickling down his thighs. His cock hung soft and heavy and dark, nestled beneath a thatch of curly hair that trailed up to just below the boy's navel.

"Dagon's eyeballs!" Neloth exclaimed before he could stop himself, jerking his gaze away quick enough to send a spike of pain through his neck. "Warn me next time, would you?" Talvas sighed again and Neloth pushed himself to the opposite end of the tub, as far away from the boy as he could get.

The water rippled as Talvas lowered himself into the tub. The valve squeaked as it turned and the rushing noise of the water stopped abruptly. There was a pause.

"Is... is this because of what happened?" Talvas asked, his voice cracking slightly. Neloth still refused to look over.

"I'm quite sure I don't know what you're talking about—"

"Because it's fine. I don't hold it against you or anything."

“I wasn’t under any impression that you did,” Neloth responded far too quickly, immediately ruining his previous lie. He let out a frustrated growl, scrubbing at his eyes.

Neloth exhaled sharply. “I’d rather not be reminded of my failures, especially when they’re so far and few between.” Talvas was moving closer to him, that same enigmatic look on his face from earlier. “And I would prefer... what are you doing?”

“It’s been on your mind, too, hasn’t it?”

“Don’t be ridiculous. Now, I’d appreciate if you gave me some space to—”

Talvas’s hands were on both of his shoulders, soft and warm, and he was pressing into Neloth’s space. Neloth’s hands jerked up instinctively, wrapping around Talvas’s wrists, completely forgetting whatever he was about to say. His mind felt fuzzy, disjointed.

“It’s the heat,” he said out loud, his voice ragged.

Talvas smiled, lopsided, knowing. He didn’t like this new side of Talvas. Or, he wasn’t sure if he liked it. He wasn’t sure of anything in that moment, as Talvas leaned in, sliding a thigh between Neloth’s, the boy’s knee bumping lightly against his slowly thickening cock.

“Tell me to stop and I will,” Talvas said, voice pitched low. “Tell me I’m misreading this and I’ll stop.”

Talvas was absolutely misreading... *this*. Whatever *this* was. Neloth opened his mouth to say so, but no words came out, just a small, nervous sound. Talvas slid one of his hands up to cup the back of Neloth’s neck, leaning down and—oh gods Talvas’s lips were soft. Were they this soft the last time? Neloth’s eyes fluttered closed, his hands shaking as they settled to rest on Talvas’s sides, unconsciously tracing his thumbs across the ridges of his ribs. His skin was soft, too. Maybe it was the water. Neloth made a muted, strangled noise and Talvas shifted, straddling Neloth’s waist and pressing their bodies fully together, his other hand joining the one at the base of Neloth’s neck. Their cocks bumped against each other beneath the water and Neloth remembered it now—that crushing feeling of arousal, the oppressive heat of desire, how he felt absolutely consumed and out of control and gods... He groaned into Talvas’s mouth, rolling his hips up and circling his arms around the boy’s waist, pulling him closer.

Neloth was Gone. Lost. Helpless. Talvas pulled away, panting against his jaw, trailing sloppy kisses across his face, biting at his earlobe, grinding against him with a feral kind of desperation. There was no staff to blame this time - no misjudged spell, no disruption in the flow, no error on his part. This was all just Talvas, wanting Neloth, finding him desirable. It was all Neloth making Talvas hard. Neloth’s hips canted upwards again, taking on a life of their own, seeking friction. The two of them moaned in tandem.

“Let me,” Talvas said breathily, mouth still next to Neloth’s ear. He dipped a hand beneath the water, grasping both of their lengths, squeezing them together. “Please let me...”

“Oblivion, take me,” Neloth murmured, his head falling back against the rim of the tub as Talvas began to stroke them. The pleasure was almost too much, drunk on heat and sensation, Neloth felt dizzy. Talvas’s mouth was on his neck, cool compared to the heat of the water. It was primal, primitive, and a distant part of Neloth was disgusted and shocked - a *very* distant part of him. The more immediate part of him was grunting and thrusting up into Talvas’s fist like some sort of depraved whore, head thrown back, eyes squeezed shut. He wanted it to end. He wanted it to last forever.

When Neloth came this time, it was almost painful, the pressure behind his balls having grown so immense that he thought they were being twisted off. He shouted against Talvas’s collarbone, hands scrambling along his back, squeezing his shoulders, thrusting pathetically into that tight fist. Talvas gasped and moaned into his ear, letting out soft grunts and pumping them several more times, making Neloth squirm and keen, overworked and sensitive. Talvas came with a shudder and a sigh, pressing his forehead against Neloth’s temple. Talvas gently removed his hand and immediately collapsed, his full weight falling forward. Neloth just held him tighter, eyes closed, his body rolling with the high of an orgasm, mind blissfully devoid of thought.

Neloth wasn’t sure just how long they stayed like that, but the water had grown cooler, and when Neloth came back to his senses he realized he’d been mindlessly tracing the ridges of Talvas’s spine.

“We should get out of the water,” Neloth suggested, his tongue feeling thick and clumsy in his mouth.

Talvas made a small noise of protest against his neck, sliding around to kiss Neloth again. He was too tired to fight it, sliding a hand up into the boy’s hair, kissing back languidly. He could probably get used to kissing again if it always felt like this. Soft, warm, wet.

“Just a moment longer,” Talvas insisted, thumbs sliding across Neloth’s cheeks, their noses brushing. It was... startling. But Neloth was tired, and he enjoyed the attention - the small kisses, the soft touches, the way Talvas seemed to be utterly focused on him and him alone. It was equally intoxicating.

Eventually, they managed to pull themselves from the water. Gravity pressed down on Neloth tenfold once he’d found his own two feet. And, of course, there were no towels.

“Drip dry, I suppose,” Talvas joked with a shrug, standing in the middle of the room, unapologetically naked. Neloth shivered, clasping his upper arms tightly. The room was still hot, filled with steam, but the water was cooling quickly on his skin.

“We still need to find another quart of dwarven oil,” Neloth reminded him, moving towards his discarded clothes. “Don’t think this little adventure has distracted me from the nature of our mission.”

“Of course not, Master Neloth.” He could hear the smile in Talvas’s voice.

“Stop that,” Neloth chastised.

“Stop what?”

“Stop acting so smug.” Neloth shook out his robe, inspecting the large oil stains that still marred its front.

“I assure you, I’m not being smug.” Talvas had begun to pull on his own robes, still wearing that infuriating smile.

“Regardless of your opinion, there’s still work to be done. So, let us dress and be on our way.”

“Of course, Master Neloth.”



Chapter End Notes

Well, now I'm ruined even further, as well as incredibly soft for this pairing.

If anyone feels like joining me in rare pair hell, jump right on into this pool party. I'm still shooketh that this is somehow the ONLY Neloth/Talvas story as of now. Please, gentle writers, help end this drought.

End Notes

Joke's on me, now I just want to write a bunch more about Neloth.

[4/17/20] Now featuring [fanart!!!](#) NSFW warning - click at your own risk. Thanks so much, Robo. ;A;

(Comments are always welcome/encouraged!)

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